

The Green Sheaf



My *Sheaf* is small . . . but it is green.

I will gather into my *Sheaf* all the young fresh things I can—
pictures, verses, ballads, of *love* and *war*; tales of pirates
and the *sea*. You will find ballads of the *old world* in my
Sheaf. Are they not green for ever . . .

Ripe ears are *good* for *bread*, but green ears are *good* for *pleasure*.

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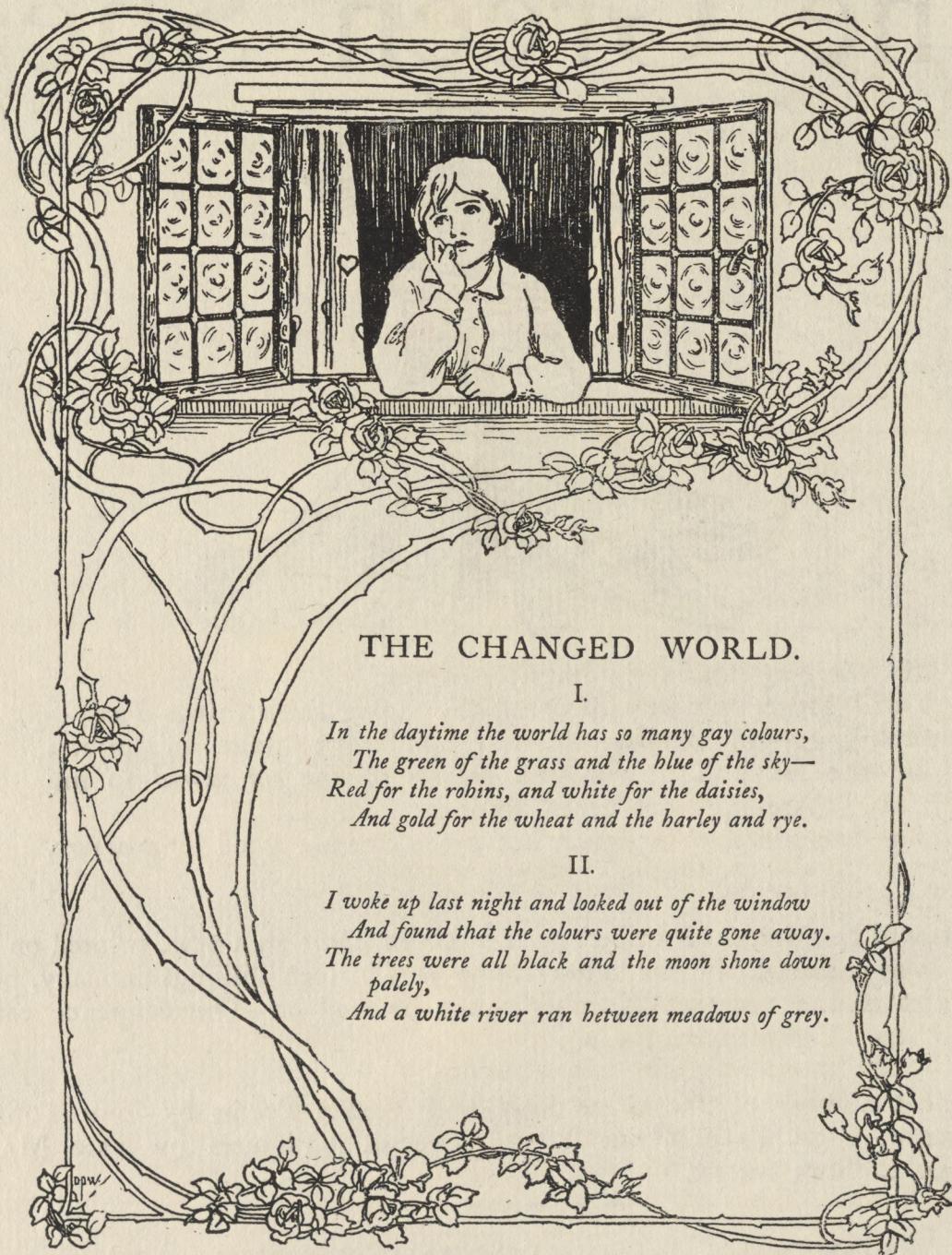
The next number of *The Green Sheaf* will contain Poems by JOHN TODHUNTER, ALIX EGERTON, CECIL FRENCH, and YONE NOGUCHI. Pictures by ERIC MACLAGAN and PAMELA COLMAN SMITH.

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The Green Sheaf



THE CHANGED WORLD.

I.

*In the daytime the world has so many gay colours,
The green of the grass and the blue of the sky—
Red for the robins, and white for the daisies,
And gold for the wheat and the barley and rye.*

II.

*I woke up last night and looked out of the window
And found that the colours were quite gone away.
The trees were all black and the moon shone down
palely,
And a white river ran between meadows of grey.*

Dorothy Ward.

The Green Sheaf

THE VIOLET.

ONE night,
When breezes and mists were grey with one sad memory
(The stars had lost their way to their posts)
I stood upon the street:
I felt as I were older than a star.
I watched the people passing by.
Phantoms were they not?
Were they not part of the ashen air?
I thought they were more glad to disappear than to exist:
They were no more distinct than their shadows on the ground.
Some tempting odour as from a happy dale
Made them bend forward with hurrying step.
I watched them for many an hour:
Suddenly a girl's shape caught my eyes:
"Thou art my lover lost," I cried.
How well I remembered her slightly turned face,
Like a flower in rapture with God's bliss!
'Twas her old manner to show her ankles small,
Her dress flapping like her own heart.
Her tassels of hair hung as of yore,
Like whispering grasses on the sky-road.
I rushed forth: "My O Yen, my beloved!"
O Yen San was my old lover lost,
I knew not how long ago,—
Surely it was in another happier world!
Alas, she vanished.
In vain I ran after her.
Only a bunch of violets was left behind:
The soul of the flower was O Yen's soul.
O Violet, dear one, fed by gossamer and shower,
In the bosom of light and wind!
'Twas many a year ago I bade thee farewell,
Leaving the path of beauty and love,
To wander toward the city and dust.
Tell me, Violet, does O Yen love me no more?
Pray, open thy soul of Spring and smile,
Let me dream awhile upon my sweet past!
Lo, my soul smitten by noise and storm,
Is like a dead leaf on the stream to the Unseen.

Yone Noguchi.

The Green Sheaf



CUP AND BALL.

BETWEEN passing of night and birth of morn,
When the pale stars close their eyes,
Each moment new beauty and magic are born
For souls whom the Gods make wise.

The light of the moon is the only light,
Yet her cold ray reaches far,
And the watcher who wakes through the lonely night
May welcome the morning star :

Who shines when her sisters are sleeping all,
—Ere the crescent moon climbs up—
Poised aloft in the heavens like a golden ball
Thrown out of a golden cup.

While ever and ever the moon mounts higher,
With the morning star above,
To the East leaps a glow and a glory of fire,
As leaps to a cold heart Love.

Let us keep our vigil together soon,
Whilst the stars are sleeping all
Save one only, with whom and the crescent moon
The Gods play at cup and ball.

Mary Grace Walker.

The Green Sheaf



A LYKE-WAKE DIRGE.

THIS ae nighte, this ae nighte,
Everie nighte and alle,
Fire, and sleete, and candle-lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule.

When thou from hence away art past,
Everie nighte and alle,
To Whinny-muir thou comest at last,
And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever thou gavest hosen and shoon,
Everie nighte and alle,
Sit thee down and put them on,
And Christe receive thy saule.

The Green Sheaf

If hosen and shoon thou gavest nane
Everie nighte and alle,
The whinnes shall pricke thee to the bare bane,
And Christe receive thy saule.

From Whinny-muir when thou mayst passe,
Everie nighte and alle,
To Brigg o'Dread thou comest at last,
And Christe receive thy saule.

* * * * *

From Brigg o'Dread when thou mayst passe,
Everie nighte and alle,
To Purgatory Fire thou comest at last,
And Christe receive thy saule.

If ever thou gavest meate or drinke,
Everie nighte and alle,
The fire shall never make thee shrinke,
And Christe receive thy saule.

If meat or drinke thou gavest nane,
Everie nighte and alle,
The fire will burne thee to the bare bane,
And Christe receive thy saule.

This ae nighte, this ae night,
Everie nighte and alle,
Fire, and sleete, and candle-lighte,
And Christe receive thy saule.

The Green Sheaf

MEMORY.

THE roses are born and the roses die,
But they live again as do you and I,
In the heart and the dreams of Memory.

Husheen, husheen.

Memory keeps the flow'rs that are given,
The vows that are made, the sins that are shriven,
Hers are the tears of the hearts that are riven.

Husheen, husheen.

The Sorrow of Sorrows is in her eyes,
And she is as wise as a God is wise
With the limitless wisdom of centuries.

Husheen, husheen.

Her robe is as blue as a summer night,
All scattered with stars so softly bright,
While to sleep in her arms is a dear delight.

Husheen, husheen.

Down to her knees flows her dusky hair,
Hide but your face in the darkness there,
You will hear whispers of many a prayer.

Husheen, husheen.

Alix Egerton.

The Green Sheaf

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